



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1814.

NO. 35

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE
COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

"MY child, it is true, escaped the lightning's blast, by taking shelter in that cavern; but, alas! her reputation was irretrievably blasted; for the vile wretch who had inveighed her there, boasted, to some young men with whom he had formed an acquaintance at Kirkcudbright that he had been inclosed with her in that subterraneous mansion the greater part of the night; and made this assertion in a tone of voice which conveyed a meaning, too horrible for me to attempt describing.

"My situation, during that fatal evening, may be imagined, but can never be described. My beloved Frederick having put the letter into the office, hastened back to the spot his insidious friend had appointed, in spite of the vivid lightning which darted around him, and the pouring rain, which drenched him to the skin. Not meeting the objects he was in search of, he pursued his way homeward with the utmost speed; his mother and myself were standing in the portico, waiting the return of those who were dearer to us than life.

"Were is your sister?" I eagerly

demanded, before he alighted — 'Great God!' exclaimed my son, 'is she not returned?' When, being answered in the negative, he turned his horse's head, and was in a minute out of sight. I instantly ordered two more horses to be saddled, and desired James to mount one: we set out in different directions, but no trace of my Matilda could either discover, and it was near four in the morning before the dear girl and her abandoned companion made their appearance.

"The joy I felt at beholding my beloved child restored to me, uninjured by the dreaded effects of the storm, rendered me insensible to the impropriety she had been guilty of, in consenting to remain so many hours with the vilest of his sex. It is true, he conducted himself towards her in the most respectful manner; but he took that opportunity of declaring the violence of his passion, and drawing a small pistol from his pocket, he vowed he would terminate his existence, unless she would condescend to inspire him with hope. Reduced to a situation more distressing than language can depict, my poor girl promised every thing he required, on condition that he would unload the deadly weapon, or fire it in the air.

"It was not merely the personal attractions of my Matilda that had excited

the desires of this unprincipled young man, but the ten thousand pounds Mr. Rogers was to receive, as a marriage-portion, was an attracting allurements to a needy man. His person, as I before observed, was even superior to that of her intended husband, and he possessed a sprightly vivacity of manner, which rendered his conversation truly pleasing, and which, when contrasted with the sedate, or rather sombre deportment of Rogers, evidently gave him an advantage.

"My daughter had not courage even to inform her mother of the extorted promise she had made to this vile and artful man; but, two days after the memorable night I have mentioned, my beloved son was invited to a gentleman's party at the principal hotel. The bottle, as is generally the case, had freely circulated, when one of the party being called upon for a toast, gave—"Miss Maxwell, or rather," added the toaster, "the intended Mrs D——."

"I am flattered," said my son, "by the compliment you have paid my sister, but cannot suffer the toast to pass; for Matilda is the betrothed wife of the worthy Rogers; and I must beg to have the motive assigned, that induced you to suppose she was likely to bear the name of D——."

"You are a sly rogue, Frederick," replied the young man who had toasted my daughter; "but the major actually told me he was to be married next week;" adding, "that Rogers would, of course, resign his pretensions, when he knew your sister had been confined with him in a cavern a whole night; significantly declaring, he was too great an adept in the art of love-making, not to have availed himself of such a favourable situation."

"The untarnished blood of the Maxwells instantly flowed into my son's face, and, rising from the table, he declared the honour of his sister was far dearer to him than life; then explaining the circumstance which led to the vile insinuation, he declared his resolution of making D—— retract every sentence he had uttered. The party in vain endeavoured to appease that indignation, which seemed to threaten

so fatal a termination; but my noble-minded boy was not to be diverted from his intention. A note was instantly dispatched to the major, who, unsuspecting of what had passed, attended the summons, conceiving the party intended to apologise for not inviting him to dinner, and wished him to partake of the social bottle.

"He entered the room with that ease and elegance, which peculiarly marked his address; and it is not necessary for me to tire your patience, by relating the conversation which took place. My son, as you may imagine, accused him of being a vile traducer of the character of a sister, whose purity had been unspotted. The vile Major D—— at first attempted to consider the charge as a premeditated joke; but finding my son was not to be trifled with, he positively denied every word; when seeing the young man who had disclosed his base assertions, enter from an adjoining apartment, for the purpose of confronting him, he turned pale as ashes, and offered the most humiliating apologies. These, however, my exasperated son refused accepting; a duel was the consequence; and, grievous to relate, my brave boy fell. His murderer escaped in the confusion, and my son was brought home in the agonies of death.

"You, my friend, fortunately arrived, to support me under the most trying of human afflictions: my wife's sister happened to be staying at our house, and has taken my poor Matilda home with her, until her character is cleared from the vile Major D——'s base reports. Whilst my dear Frederick's body remained under my roof, I summoned resolution to state all the melancholy events which had happened, to the worthy Rogers; fearing some busy or intermeddling being might represent them to him under false colours. How he will act, of course is uncertain; yet so tenderly was he attached to my child, that I have no idea his affection will be weakened by the malice of her enemies."

Here Mr. Maxwell closed his melancholy narration, in listening to which I found it impossible to restrain the sympathizing tear.

Of the instability of human affairs, and

the uncertainty of sublunary happiness, I had, from the days of childhood, received many proofs; but, from poor Maxwell's melancholy recital, I had received a lesson never likely to be effaced from my heart.

"But where, my dear friend," said I, "has that insidious major sought shelter; if you can give me but the slightest clue to the spot, I will endeavour to become the avenger of your misfortunes; for a wretch so abandoned ought not to exist upon the earth."

"No, my friend, no," replied the afflicted father; "I thirst not after the ingrate's blood; vengeance alone belongeth to the almighty; as I should have endeavoured to impress upon the mind of my too susceptible boy, had I indulged the most distant idea of his intention—but that, alas! he too cautiously concealed."

I remained about a week the guest of my unfortunate relation at Kirkcudbright, when he invited me to accompany him to his sister's, where Mrs. Maxwell and himself intended passing a few days. Though the father of the amiable Matilda Maxwell had represented her as one of the most lovely of her sex, yet, in spite of the disadvantage praise generally is to personal attractions, I could not avoid allowing her to be the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld. A cast of the deepest melancholy overspread her apparently natural lively features, and her spirits appeared at the lowest ebb; she received my overtures of friendship, however, with a grace inimitable, and, I may add, peculiar to herself. During the short stay we made with Mrs. Simpson, (which was the name of Matilda's aunt,) I contrived to obtain so much of her confidence as to enquire whether she was really attached to Rogers.

"I admire his character, and esteem his virtues," replied Matilda; "but I will candidly confess I felt a stronger preference to the major; yet severely have I been punished for the wayward propensity of my heart."

"And would you marry this too fascinating major?" I eagerly demanded, "if your father could be induced to consent to the alliance?"

"Marry the murderer of my brother! and the man who has tarnished my reputation!" exclaimed the offended girl. "No; his very name is become hateful to me; and in future I shall suspect every insinuating man. If left to my own choice, I should now prefer a state of celibacy, and I trust that will be my lot; for Mr. Rogers, in disposition resembles Cæsar; and, I am persuaded, would not have his wife even suspected of a fault. He will reject my offered hand, I doubt not; but that mortification I can easily support; for when a sorrow, like that which I now suffer, preys upon the feelings, all events of an inferior nature lose their force. Must I not ever consider myself," continued she, bursting into a flood of anguish, "as the indirect cause of the death of a beloved brother; and can I ever expect that my dear parents, viewing me as his destroyer, will love me with their former regard; ah, no! I can even perceive my presence is disgusting to them; no longer do they address me by the soothing appellation of their beloved Matilda."

I said every thing in my power to assuage the sorrow under which the lovely Matilda laboured, and, upon taking leave, intreated her to write to me as soon as the letter arrived from Rogers; then taking a melancholy leave of the distressed Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, I pursued my journey towards Carlisle. As it was near one o'clock when I quitted Kirkcudbright, I found it would be impossible to reach Carlisle that night; I therefore resolved to call upon a friend who resided about two and thirty miles from that city, and, if invited, sleep at his mansion, otherwise take up my quarters at the best inn in the town. Mr. Mellish, however, happened to be from home, and was not expected to return until the expiration of five weeks; I therefore merely left a card of compliments, and directed my way to the George.

(To be continued.)

An Irish definition of an open countenance is not a bad one: *a mouth from ear to ear.*

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN CEREMONIES USED AT CHRISTMAS

(Concluded from our last.)

We are told, in the Athenian oracle, that the Christmas *box-money* is derived hence. The Romish priests had masses said for almost every thing. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a *box* in her, under the protection of some saint, and for masses, as their cant was, to be said for them to that saint, &c. the poor people must put in something into the priest's, *box*, which was not to be opened till the ship's return. The *mass* at that time was called *Christ-mass*; the *box*, *Christmas-box*, or money gathered against that time, that *masses* might be made by the priests to the saints to *forgive* the people the *debaucheries of that time*; and from this, servants had the liberty to get *box-money*, that *they* too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the truth of the proverb:—

"No penny—no pater-noster."

Christmas, says Blount, was called the Feasts of Lights, in the western or Latin church, because they used many *lights* or *candles* at that feast, or rather because Christ, the *Light of all Lights*, then came into the world. Hence, then, it should seem, the *Christmas candle*, and what was, perhaps, only a *succedaneum*, the *yule clog*, or *block*, before *candles* were in general use. Thus a very large coal is often set apart, at present, in the north, for the same purpose, *i. e.* to make a great light on *yule* or *Christmas eve*.—*Lights*, indeed, seem to have been used upon all festive occasions: thus, our *illuminations*, *fire-works*, &c. on the news of victories. In the ancient times, to which we would trace back the origin of these almost obsolete customs, blocks, logs, or clogs of dried wood, might be easily procured and provided against this festive season: at that time of day it must have been in the power but of a few to command *candles* or *torches* for making their annual illumination.

Another custom observed at this season is, the adorning of the windows with *bay* and *laurel*. It is but seldom

observed in the north, but in the southern parts it is very common, particularly at our *Universities*, where it is customary to adorn not only the common windows of the town, and of the colleges, but also to bedeck the chapels of the colleges with *branches of laurel*. The laurel was used among the ancient Romans as an emblem of several things, and in particular of *peace*, and *joy*, and *victory*. And I imagine it has been used at this season by Christians as an emblem of the same things; as an emblem of joy for the victories gained over the powers of darkness, and of that peace on earth, that good-will towards men, which the angels sung over the fields of Bethlehem!

ON THE MUTABILITY OF FORTUNE.

There is nothing certain in this world but death: theory supposes, experience sometimes proves, but the latter often deceives. The fatality which constantly attends the wayward lot of mortals, is so secret in its operations, that it baffles all the penetration of men to discover it. Xerxes came to conquer Greece with such a numerous force, that his armies quite exhausted the rivers in quenching their natural thirst. He covered the sea with ships, as numerous as the caterpillars which formerly infested Egypt; whence he was inflated with such a certain prospect of success, that he already considered himself as a complete master of the sea; and he commanded it to be whipped with rods, for having the insolence to mutiny tempestuously against him. But, alas! he shamefully lost so many thousand men, and such a number of ships, that he thought himself very fortunate in escaping on board a small fishing bark.

MODESTY,

If it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas *boasting* requires perpetual labour, and a tickling, to appear what he is not. If we have sense, Modesty best proves it to others—if we have none, it best hides our want of it.

THE BIRD HERMIT.

The mountain of Montserat is situated in Catalonia, and has many hermitages dispersed about the higher parts.

Mr. Thicknesse, whose travels have afforded the public much entertainment and useful information, gives us the following account of a visit he paid to the Bird-Hermit, so called, because the feathered tribe are his constant associates.

The second hermitage, in the order they are usually visited, is that of St. Catherine, situated in a deep and solitary vale; it, however, commands a most extensive and pleasing prospect at noon-day to the east and west. The buildings, garden, &c. are confined within small limits, being fixed in a most picturesque and secure recess under the foot of one of the high pines. Though this hermit's habitation is the most retired and solitary abode of any, and far removed from the din of men, yet the courteous, affable, and sprightly inhabitant, seems not to feel the loss of human society, though no man, I think can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accustomed to hear the voice of men, he is amply recompensed by the mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their sanctuary as well as his; for no part of the mountain is so well inhabited by the feathered race of beings as this delightful spot. Perhaps, indeed, they have sagacity enough to know, that there is no other so perfectly secure. Here the nightingale, the black bird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little songsters, greater strangers to my eyes, than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect security, and live in the most friendly intimacy with their holy protector, and obedient to his call: for, says the hermit,

"Haste here, ye feather'd race of various song,
Bring all your pleasing melody along!
O come ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves,
Perch on my hands, and sing your absent loves!"

When instantly the whole vocal band quit their sprays, and surround the person of their daily benefactor, some settling upon his beard; and in the true sense of the word, take his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given:

their confidence is so great, (for the holy father is their bondsman) that the stranger too partakes of their familiarity and caresses.—These hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing, lest their attention should be withdrawn from heavenly to earthly affections. I am sorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be said to transgress the law, but he certainly evades it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon his court; nor can any prince or princess upon earth boast of heads so elegantly plumed, as may be seen at the court of St. Catherine; or of vassals, who pay their tributes with half the cheerfulness they are given and received by the humble monarch of this sequestered vale. If his meals are scanty his desert is served up with a song, and he is hushed to sleep by the nightingale: and when we consider, that he has but few days in the whole year which are inferior to some of our best in the months of May and June, you may easily conceive, that a man who breathes such pure air, who feeds on such light food, whose blood circulates freely from moderate exercise, and whose mind is never ruffled by wordly affairs; whose short sleeps are sweet and refreshing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly residence; lives a life to be envied, not pitied. Turn but your eyes one minute from this man's situation, to that of any monarch or minister on earth, and say, on which side does the ballance turn? While some princes may be embroiling their hands in the blood of their subjects, this man is offering up his prayers to God to preserve all mankind: while some nations are sending fleets, and others armies to wreak their own vengeance on the unoffending inhabitants of a province, this solitary man is feeding, from his own scanty allowance, the birds of the air. Conceive him, in his last hour, upon his straw bed, and see with what composure and resignation he meets it! Look in the face of a dying king, or a plundering and blood-thirsty general; what terrors the sight of their velvet beds, adorned with crimson plumage,

must bring to their affrighted imagination. In that awful hour, it will remind them of the innocent blood they have spilt; nay, they will perhaps think, they were dyed with the blood of men scalped and massacred, to support their vanity and ambition. In short, while kings and generals are torn to pieces by a thirst after power and riches, and disturbed by a thousand anxious cares, this poor hermit can have but one, lest he should be removed (as the prior of the convent has a power to do) to some other cell, for that is sometimes done, and very properly.

The youngest and most hardy constitutions are generally put into the higher hermitages, or those to which the access is most difficult; for the air is so fine in the highest parts of the mountain, that they say it often renders the respiration painful. Nothing therefore can be more reasonable than that, as these good men grow older, and less able to bear the fatigues and inconveniencies the highest abodes unavoidably subject them to, they should be removed to more convenient dwellings, and that the younger and stouter men should succeed them.

As the hermits never eat meat, I could not help observing to him, how fortunate a circumstance it was for the safety of his little feathered friends; and that there were no boys to disturb their young, nor any sportsman to kill the parent. "God forbid," said he, "that one of them should fall, but by his hands who gave it life!" "Give me your hand," said, I "and bless me." I believe it did; but it shortened my visit: so I stepped into the grot, and stole a pound of chocolate upon his stone table, and took myself away.

If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have seen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells! His features, his manners, all his looks and actions announce it: yet he had not even a single maravedi in his pocket. Money is as useless to him, as to one of his black-birds.

Within a gun-shot of this remnant of Eden, are the remains of an ancient hermitage, called St. Pedro. While I was there, my hermit followed me; but I

too coveted retirement. I had just bought a fine fowling-piece at Barcelona; and when he came, was availing myself of the hallowed spot, to make my vow never to use it. In truth, there are some sorts of pleasures too powerful for the body to bear, as well as some sorts of pain: and here I was wrecked upon the wheel of felicity; and could only say, like the poor criminal who suffered at Dijon—O God! O God! at every *coup*.

I was sorry my host did not understand English, nor I Spanish enough, to give him the sense of the lines written in poor Shenstone's alcove.

"O you that bathe in courtlye bliss,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not too rashly deeme unwise
Of him that bides contented here."

I forgot the other lines, but they conclude thus:

"For faults there beene in busy life,
From which these peaceful glennes are free."

GOOD RULES FOR BAD SPORTSMEN.

Always carry your piece full-cocked, with the muzzle parallel with the horizon; you are then ready for any thing, and should you chance by this to lodge a few shot in your companion's breech or body, 'tis an accident so often happens to sportsmen, it will not be regarded.

Be sure to put powder enough in your gun, and let your wadding be of the strongest and thickest paper you can get; this will prevent the shot mixing with it; nor be sparing of the latter, as from the quantity, you are less liable to miss your object.

Ram your shot down for at least five minutes; your gun will make the better report, and the execution be more certain.

COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

Some minds do not comprehend metaphors. A tutor of a college lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added with great pathos, "the report of your vices will bring your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig."

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY WEEPING OVER
THE TRAGIC FATES OF SOME HEROES IN
ROMANCE.

Why weep dear girl o'er fabled woes,
Why drop the tear to fiction's tale,
Why call soft pity to thine aid,
The fate of fancy to bewail?

Gaze round our once bright happy clime,
And sketch with truth's unerring hand,
The blood stained picture of the woes,
That hover o'er our hapless land.

The tear that dims thy moistened eye,
Of pity's soft celestial hue;
In times like these, have sure become
The widow's and the orphan's due.

Each pendant streamer as it flies,
To aid the news of victory gain'd,
Gives but to pity's shudd'ring view,
The carnage dire of thousands slain.

Then fiction's tale awhile forego,
Nor weep for sorrows never known,
But when thy form shall feel a sigh,
As bursting from its bosom's throne,

Oh! breathe it for the soldier's fate,
The victim of relentless laws;
And let thy tears bedew the graves,
Of those, who die to aid our cause.

But when bright peace with angel wings,
Shall once more hover o'er our fates,
Let fancy then resume her pen,
And weave her tales of vision'd bliss.

ELLA.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

Now circling time, with ever rapid haste,
Another year has stolen in his flight;
And now revolving earth again has traced
Her annual circuit round the orb of light.

Stern winter comes, and his attendant train;
Now snow, and storms, and biting frosts
appear;

While bitter piercing winds, and pelting rain,
Alternate usher in the new-born year.

Arm'd with the terrors of the skies it comes,
And riding on the wings of tempests dire,
Makes its first entrance, wrapt in sullen
glooms,

Or boist'rous raging in its dread attire.

Severe its infant aspect--on its brow

No cheering smile is ever seen to play,

But gloomy and forbidden to the view,

It frowns terrific on its natal day.

How dark and dreary the surrounding scene,

How joyless and how desolate appear

The fields and woods, robb'd of their verdant
green!

How bleak the prospect of the rising year!

Deep wrap'd in snow, or bound in icy chains,
Neglected lays the lately smiling land;
While o'er the mournful face of nature reigns,
Silence, and desolation's iron hand.

And lo! the dreadful ravages of war,
Now wide extend along our shores!
The brazen-throated trumpet from afar,
In unison with nature's tumult roars!

The dreadful monument shall evermore
Remain on record in th' historic page,
Of cursed war--its lust of pow'r,--
Remorseless cruelty, and savage rage.

But let us join our fervent prayers,
That these calamities may shortly cease;
And, when we next hail this returning day,
The world may rest in universal peace.

CANZON.

O weep not thus, we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of care,
And sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair,
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
As natal boons were given:
And the fair form of happiness,
Which hover'd round intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to Heav'n.

For I was made in joys despite,
And meant for misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight,
Fled like the speedy wings of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight,
Across my grave.

THE DECLINE OF THE YEAR.

THE hollow murmurs of the furious blast,
Pronounce the beauties of the Summer past,
The warble of the lark, to wake the day;
The dewy sunshine, and the buds of May;
The drops, that usher'd in the rustling shower,
And shed new fragrance on the opening flow'r,
The breeze that curl'd the billows of the deep;
Or lull'd the nymph beneath the shades to
sleep,

With Autumn's tints harmonious, have declin'd
And fled, in scatter'd leaves, before the wind.

O lovely Summer! to thy sweets adieu!
Till Time thy green exuberance renew,
The change that veils the sky, in Winter's
gloom,

Inspires a fonder love of Summer's bloom.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY DECEMBER 31, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The most important news this week, is the arrival at the Balize, of the British force that has been some time collecting in the West-Indies, for an attack on New-Orleans; which leaves no doubt ere this, that place has been attacked.—The account is in a letter from gen. M'Intosh, to gov. Early, dated Camp Hope, Dec. 12, 1814. "Maj. Dale, arrived at col. Hawkins's last evening, brings the following intelligence: Fifty or sixty British vessels have arrived at the Balize, mouth of the Mississippi. General Jackson had marched for New-Orleans. The infantry from all quarters of this district were marching in the same direction.

"Major Blue, of the 39th, with about fifteen or sixteen hundred mounted men, Choctaws, Chickesaws, and Creeks, were to march on the 1st inst. for Apalachicola, in pursuit of the Red Sticks and their allies. Lt. Carey, of the U. States army, and his associates, three men, a woman, and child, passing on westwardly, are missing. They left Fort Jackson, by water. The woman and child have since been massacred in the streets of Pensacola, having only time to state, that she was of this party, and that the men were killed."

The following account from a late Boston paper, is a specimen of American spirit and enterprize: "On the 17th ult. the beautiful and substantial brig Reindeer, of 381 tons, was launched at Medford, from the ship yard of Mr. Turner; and in 58 days from the time the keel was laid, she sailed from this port on a cruise. On the 26th ult. the keel of the brig Avon, (twin sister to the Reindeer,) was laid in the same yard, and on the evening of the 22d inst. at 8 o'clock, she was launched by torch light, being only 26 days from the commencement. She has since been cut through four miles of ice, is now at the Long-wharf fitting for sea, and every thing requisite being ready to go on board. Taking into consideration the inclement season of the year, the shortness of the days, and that these vessels are not slightly built, but are built of solid and substantial timber, well kneed, bolted, copper fastened, and copper bottomed—great credit is due to Mr. Turner, the master builder."

A letter from Savannah, dated Dec. 17th, says, "The British barges are capturing every thing that goes or comes to this port: and we hear to day that Commodore Campbell, with a fleet of 40 or 50 Coasters, with 8 gun boats, had been defeated and drove back to St. Mary's, with the loss of 2 gun-boats, which it is reported are taken."

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Lt. Fox-hall Alexander Parker, of the U. S. navy to Miss Sarah Jay Bogardus, eldest daughter of Robert Bogardus, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Harris, Philip Rhinelander, junr. esq. to Miss Mary Colden Hoffman.

In St. Peter's Church, by the rev. Doctor Fenwick, Mr. John B. Lasala, merchant, to Miss Charlotte C. Crone, daughter of David Crone, esq. all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Bowen, Lt. Mathew C. Perry, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Jane Slidell, daughter of John Slidell esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. James Riker, to Miss Elizabeth Vanosdoll, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Henry Raymond, to Miss Mary W. Pearce, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. James B. Murray, to Miss Maria Bronson, daughter of Mr. Isaac Bronson, all of this city.

Some days since, capt. Albert Hoogland, of Fresh Meadows, (L. I.) aged 78 years, to the amiable Miss Jane Willis, of this city aged 46 years.

At Mount Pleasant, by the rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Henry F. Ellis, to Miss Mary Kemeys, youngest daughter of Wm. Kemeys, esq. of that place.

At Flatlands, (L. I.) by the rev. Dr. Low, Mr. John Wyckoff, to Miss Nancy Voorhees.

At the same place, by the rev. Dr. Low, John Lott, esq. to Miss Ann Van Brunt.

At Harlaem, by the rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. Samuel S. Kuypers, to Miss Amelia Ann Van Zandt, daughter of John Van Zandt, esq. all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs. Eleanor Graham, wife of Mr. James Graham, aged 65.

In her 42d year, Mrs. Elizabeth Aiton.

Mrs. Sarah Selby, a native of Evesham, Worcestershire, (England) aged 60 years.

At his late residence in Brooklyn, Mr. George Pringle, aged 60 years, a respectable and ingenious mechanic, and a native of Scotland.

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance.